

How Could He Feel Pains in His Arms After They Had Been Buried?

MR. NETHERWOOD DESCRIBES HIS PECULIAR SENSATIONS.

To have your arms torn off is about as bad an accident as can happen to any one short of death itself. To feel pain, and severe pain, in the arms and hands that accident has ruthlessly taken from you seems a strange thing to realize or consider to be a fact. Yet it is a fact, and Abraham Netherwood, of New Brunswick, N. J., the victim of just such an accident, knows exactly how it is.

Mr. Netherwood, up to August 17 in this year, had for fifteen years been one of the most valued and skillful employees of the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Factory, one of the big manufacturing establishments that helps New Brunswick to be prosperous. At 7:30 o'clock the morning of the day mentioned it became necessary to replace a belt in a room in the factory.

This room was fifty feet long and about twenty-five feet wide. The belt was about half as long as the room and whirled at lightning speed over big shafts.

It was customary at this factory when it became necessary to replace the belt for some man to hold the huge leather still and thus avoid a stoppage of machinery or the delay caused by throwing the belt on or off the shaft. It happened to be Mr. Netherwood's duty that morning to hold the belt. So, settling a stepladder underneath the belt, he mounted to the top, and grasping the leather with both hands, sought to stop its movement by the weight of his body and the strength of his arms.

For some reason, just why no one will ever know, his weight or strength seemed to have little more effect than the lighting of a fly on the belt, which, before he realized what was happening to him, carried him over and around the shafting twice. Then he fell to the floor, striking on his left side, but as conscious as he was when he mounted the stepladder a few moments before. One arm was gone entirely, within three inches of the shoulder; the other, crushed, mangled, the bone gleaming where the flesh once had been, still remained attached to his shoulder, owing to the muscles and tendons.

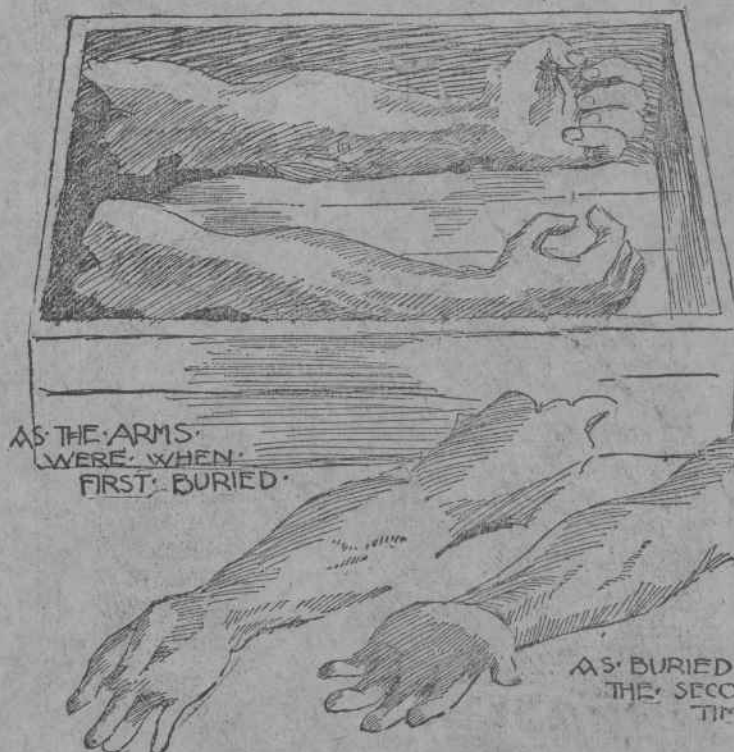
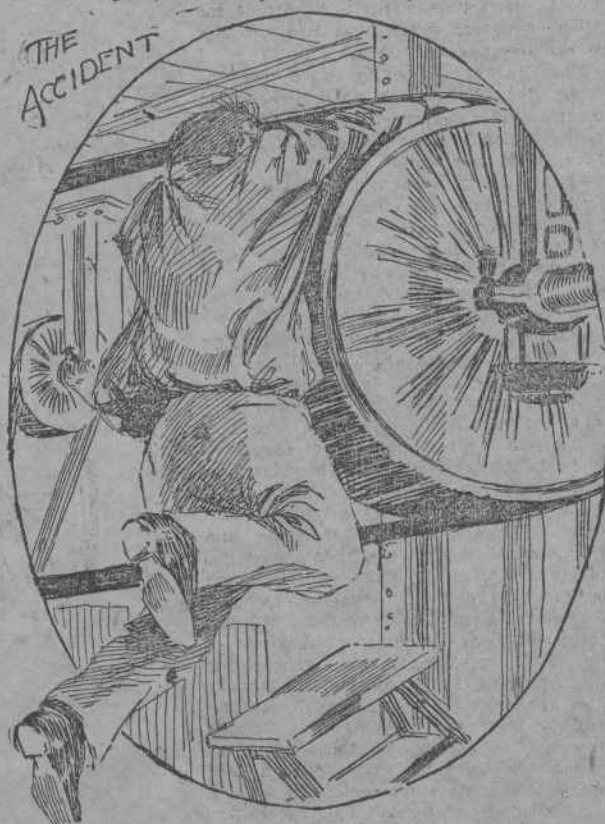
Some men might have died under these circumstances, but Mr. Netherwood rose and walked to where he could sit down. The ambulance was sent for and he was placed on a stretcher, to be taken to the

hospital, but when they lifted the stretcher it broke. Then Mr. Netherwood begged them to let him walk to the ambulance. He was perfectly able to do so, regardless of the fearful thing that had happened to him.

Once in the hospital, the stump of the

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal.

It is a strange thing to feel pain in your arms, when you haven't any arms at all. I had more or less pain in my life, when I was a whole man, but I never suffered more distinctly and never located the pain more completely than I did in my arms and hands after they had been amputated. People say that it is nothing but a superstition to feel pain in limbs that have been cut off, but I know better. There is never anything more real in the way of a sensation than I felt for a short time previous to four weeks ago to-day. I didn't have any arms then, but they pained me dreadfully, and so did my hands.



arm that had been torn away by the accident was partially amputated and the other arm also removed. At 3 o'clock that afternoon Mr. Netherwood was joking with his attendants. The arms that had once been his were taken, bandaged, placed in a box and buried in Evergreen Cemetery. Two weeks later Mr. Netherwood left the

Well, I thought about it a lot, and my wife here she thought about it. We made up our minds that there was something wrong with them arms and hands. I didn't know just what to do, of course, but the more I thought about it the more I became convinced that there was just one way to settle the thing, and that was to have the arms taken up. Well, we had 'em dug up, and there they was, just as I had felt 'em to be. The fingers of the left hand were clenched tight, just as if I'd been trying to see how far I could stick the nails on my fingers into the palm of my hand. The man that took up the arms straightened everything out. He had to straighten the fingers one at a time, and it wasn't an easy job at that. I didn't see the arms after they took 'em away, myself. Nobody said anything to me how they were buried, or where. I couldn't have had any idea about whether they were buried straight or crooked.

hospital and returned to his own home, at No. 8 Codriss avenue.

It was in the pleasant little house at the number given that a representative of the Journal found Mr. Netherwood. He told his story, simply and plainly, just as it is printed over his signature. Once he might

There is certainly nothing that savors of a belief in occultism in Mr. Netherwood's appearance. His hair is snow white, and he is quite bald. His face shows traces of age, but at the same time it is unmarked by lines of pain or care. He doesn't look his sixty-seven years, yet he was born in Uddersfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, in 1827. Though it is less than two months since the accident by which he lost his arms occurred, he is fully as hale and hearty as he was before it happened.

It was just after Mr. Netherwood left the hospital that he began to feel pains that seemed to him just as surely in his arms and hands as if there had been no amputation. Try his best, he could not rid himself of the idea, or rather sensation. They ached and ached. His fingers seemed to pain him particularly. He had that fearful sensation sometimes felt in nightmare, when the dreamer finds himself in a painfully cramped position and totally unable to move.

It doesn't take much imagination to understand just how a man feels under those circumstances. Mr. Netherwood could do nothing except keep walking up and down the floor of his little home, wondering how on earth he could find some way to stop the pain. He came to the conclusion after a while that the best thing to do was to examine his hands and arms, and see that they were not in the position he felt them to be. He had this done, and found that his belief was quite correct. Just as soon as they were in a natural position the pain left him, and he hasn't suffered at all since.

Mr. Netherwood offers no explanation of his singular sensations. He says people have tried to explain them away to him, and have declared them imaginary. He only wishes they had been, for he would have slept much more and been far easier in his mind. To sceptics he has no information to give. To believers he simply says that all he has told is true, and that's all there is of it.

All the New Brunswick doctors pooh-pooh Mr. Netherwood's story of pain being caused by the cramped limbs. The people, however, are talking of it curiously. They are not half sure that Mr. Netherwood isn't right.

have signed it, he said, pleasantly, but he had to get other people to do those things for him nowadays. He grew quite indignant at the thought of any one thinking him superstitious, and reiterated again and again the statement that there was no superstition about him; that he was a stickler for facts.

THE NEW TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER---FASTEST CRAFT IN THE U. S. NAVY.

The creation of torpedo boats as one of the most powerful adjuncts of the modern navy has brought into existence a new type of craft, especially built to offset them. The new boats are called torpedo-boat destroyers.

They resemble torpedo boats in general shape and size. Their distinguishing characteristic, however, is their speed.

These boats are the fastest craft afloat. In their construction armor and guns occupy only a subordinate place.

one on the east, the other on the West, as well as to keep in running order an establishment on either seaboard capable of building naval vessels.

It would be a dangerous and expensive experiment to send a torpedo boat or a torpedo-boat destroyer around the Horn. Thus the Union Iron Works, at San Francisco, which has built and put into the water some of the finest craft in our navy, is about to construct the swiftest craft that ever sailed the waters of the Pacific.

This new torpedo boat destroyer will be larger than some of the largest steam yachts afloat, but she will differ from them materially in her principal lines. Although she will be 210 feet long on the water line, this

upon even the fastest of the torpedo boats in other navies, she can open fire upon them from a powerful battery.

This battery will consist of six six-pounders, together with numerous rapid-fire guns that can throw a hail of shot and shell across the deck of any enemy. The contract price for the boat is \$227,500.

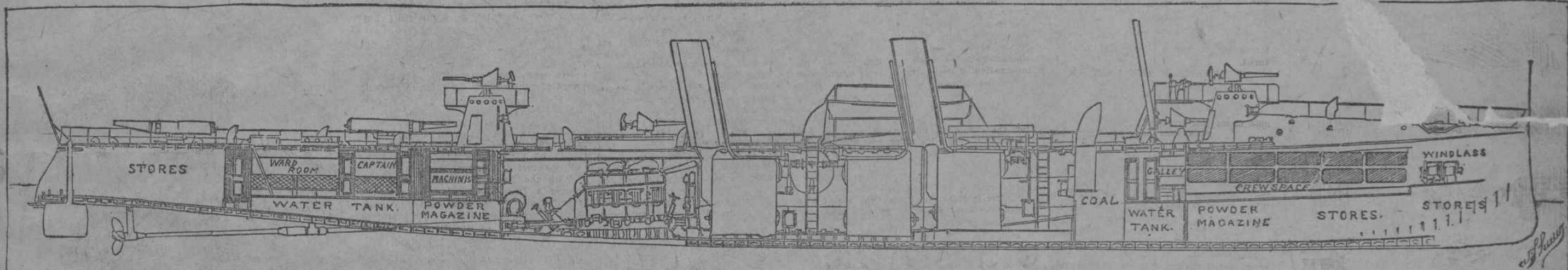
She is guaranteed by her constructors to attain a minimum speed of thirty knots before she will be accepted by the Government. This would easily make her capable of overhauling the swiftest torpedo boats in the British navy.

The Havock, Daring, Ardent, Sturgeon, Banshee, Rocket and Zebra, all

fact that, although our boats are built in a country where the highest rates of wages prevail, they are but slightly more expensive than boats built under the prevalent labor system of European countries.

This slight excess of cost in this country is accounted for by the fact that only a few of these boats have been built and the constructors have had to add the cost of taking special machinery to construct the parts to the cost of the boat. The more of such boats that are built the cheaper they can be constructed.

Great Britain has more than twenty torpedo boats for every one now in construction for our navy. Torpedoes have



Comfort and even seaworthiness have been sacrificed to speed in these new torpedo-boat destroyers, which are being built with the one object of being faster than any torpedo-boat afloat. In order to destroy the swift torpedo boats they must be able to catch up with them.

They are built to overhaul the fastest torpedo boats either at sea or in smooth water. They are so armed as to make short work of the torpedo boats when once they have got them under their guns.

A new boat of this type for the United States navy is now being built on the Pacific coast. The configuration of the American continent is such that it is necessary for this country to practically maintain two navies,

swift craft, which is guaranteed to have a speed of at least thirty knots an hour, will have only twenty feet beam and will draw but six feet of water.

It is in this way that the incredible speed she is expected to attain is to be secured. Beam and draught have been sacrificed in her construction for the utmost speed, and she will be a veritable toothpick, having a ratio of beam to length such as is rarely seen.

This strange craft will carry a crew of fifty-six men all told. The majority of these will devote their attention to working her powerful engines and driving her through the water upon her fleeing foe. Slowly stealing

torpedo boats in the British navy, have none of them a speed as high as twenty-eight knots. The French torpedo boats are even slower. The Corsaire, Lanier and Aquilon, of the French navy, have a speed of twenty-five knots, and the fastest of the German torpedo boats do not exceed twenty-two knots.

Secretary Hilary Herbert, of the Navy, returned from Europe a few days since, after having visited the torpedo boat building establishments of Thornycroft, Yarrow and other constructors in England, and expressed it as his conviction that the American built boats were in every way the equals of the finest products of the foreign yards. It is an interesting

steadily increased in importance as a weapon of naval warfare, and the best experts now agree that torpedo boats, considering their destructive force and their cheapness, are the most efficient and economical measure of defence we could possess.

The torpedo boat destroyers, because of their lack of beam and draught, are not capable of crossing the ocean, nor, because of their size, can they be carried on another ship. Thus, our own torpedo boats, engaged in a purely coastwise, defensive war, the only kind of naval war the United States will ever probably engage in, would not be harassed by any enemy of this kind, while our own torpedo boat destroyers could get in their fine work near at home.

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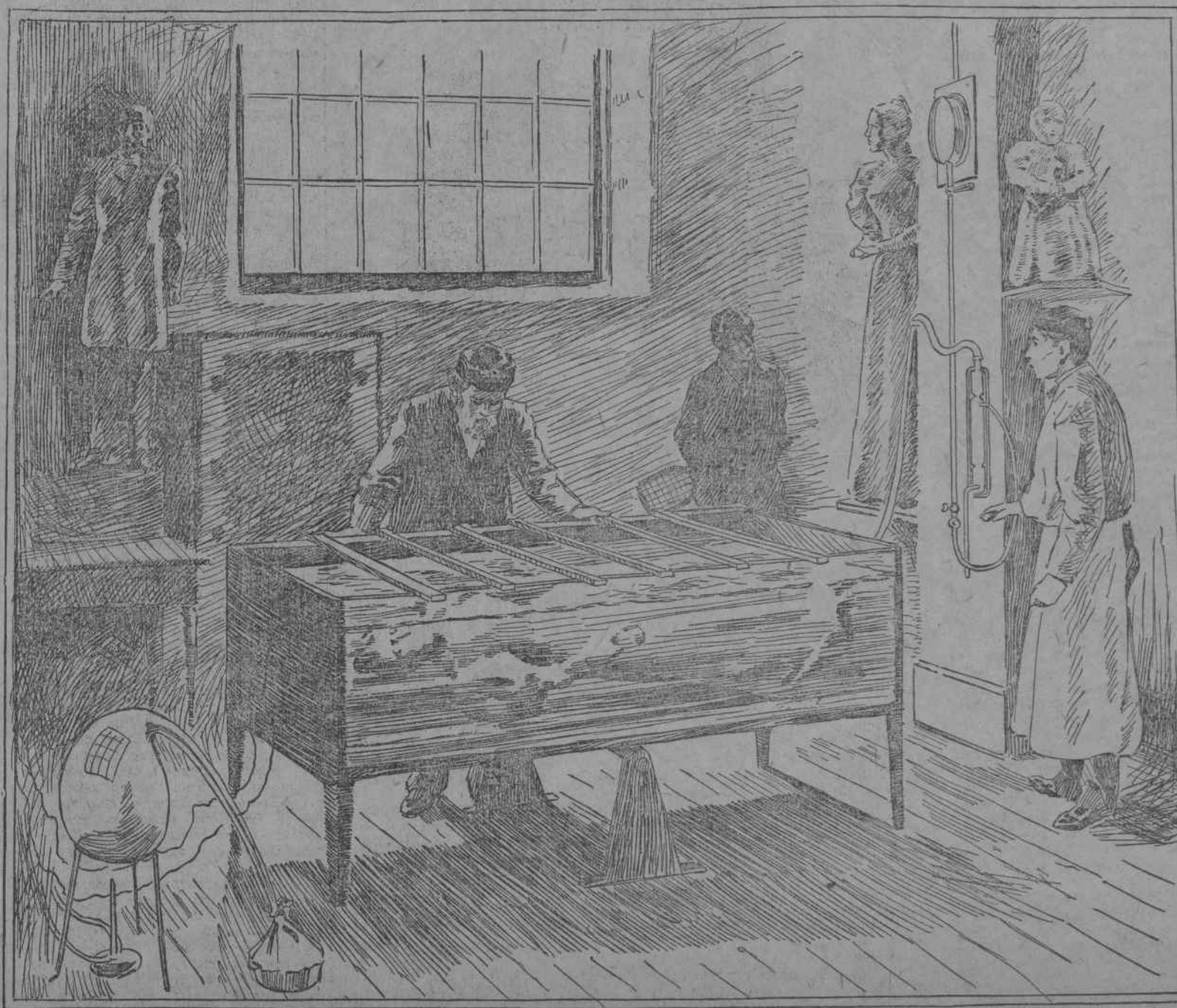
A. P. COQUIN.

The above appeared the other day in the boulevards of Paris in brilliant letters painted on the sides of handcars. A Journal correspondent looked up the ingenious M. Coquin, and seriously asked him if he could really plate and polish human bodies. He replied: "Bring me the body, and I'll do the rest."

M. Coquin has achieved some surprising results. His metallized bodies, one tragic head in particular, with a grand forehead, large open eyes and finely formed lips, equal the most effective work in artistic bronze. A new-born babe sleeps like an angel in glowing metal of rarest gold.

There is nothing ghastly about metallic body preservation. The dead in their realism resemble chaste and delicate works of art, and so exact is their resemblance to the life that photographs in relief bring out the slightest details as to muscular projections and all the curves of beauty. The very lustre of the nails and the softness of the skin seem to be perfectly preserved. These metallic bodies might serve, when preserved, as ornaments about the house and lawns of country places, should the living relatives desire.

The body to be metallized is immersed in a chemical bath consisting of soluble salts of copper, nickel, silver or even gold, and the electric current passed through. By electrolysis the salts are decomposed and the metal is deposited, layer upon layer, on the surface of the dead body. All the outlines of the body are thus brought out, and the remains are covered from head to foot in a rigid metallic envelope. Coquin, in his investigations, and



"The body to be metallized is placed in a metallic bath and the electric current passed through."

YOURSELF PLATED.

experiments, has had the assistance of the savant and mechanical expert, Dr. Carpentier, of the Faculty of Medicine.

In the second step of the process the metallic cast, which is a very hard metal, is drilled full of small holes. These perforations permit the free discharge of all liquids, vapors and gases in a few moments, or, if haste is required, the case is placed in an oven heated to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. When the contents of this metallic effigy are completely incinerated the perforations can then be soldered up and replated, and the image of the dead person is complete and indestructible as the ages.

The practical possibility of M. Coquin's idea are decidedly fascinating. In from eight to ten days, at a price varying from 200 to 3,000 francs (\$50 to \$600), you can have the life-sized statue of your mother-in-law, should she happen to die, as an ornament for your parlor, cast in Florentine bronze. And it would be possible to measure the grief of the surviving relatives by the thickness and grade of the metal. An ancestor who died leaving one a snug fortune would be entitled to quadruple gold plate, or at least a triple silver plate. Men of means would provide in their will for the style of plating. Millions might attempt to rival each other with the costliness of their collections of silver-plated and gold-plated ancestors.

There would be no expense in the way of funerals, mourning costumes and cemetery lots. Cities would not need to go to the expense of erecting monuments in memory of Aldermen or other notables. The widow would no doubt be proud to see her nickel or copper plated husband adorn some street in his own ward. The sculptor and undertaker of the future might find their occupation gone, for the bodies of great heroes and statesmen may be duplicated in plaster casts in all attitudes, while commemorative monuments will give the new art all the truth of history.

The modern Cleopatras may now smile in their last moments, knowing full well that their beauty will be handed down to future generations, instead of perishing in the midnight of the tomb. Finely formed bodies of dead women would be in demand, for they would serve as ornaments for fountains and public parks; they would be used as caryatides. Perhaps even the artistic lamp posts of the future may be the metallized body of to-day's belle, preserved in the nude and posed in an attractive position.

For Six Hundred Dollars an Ingenious Inventor Will Electro-Plate Human Bodies to Order